# REVENGE!

*You know this story. Or at least part of it. It starts with a model. A tall one, actually (but more about that later).*

*Or maybe it starts with the well known fashion designer. Yes, actually he is the protagonist in this story.*
*Whatever, it's not that important. In any case, we begin our story one night, after a succesful show of Jack Antonelli's new collection...*

*We find our designer and his model close together at the afterparty.*

Are you flirting with me, sir?

Hmmm, what if I am?

I don't know, am I not a bit too tall for you?

I mean, not that *I* mind...
Well I don't mind either.

Really? You sure about that?
Absolutely!

I'm not that easily intimidated, you know.
Yes, I can see that....

*One thing led to another...*

*And another...*

*But our Jack was a player, and Amy wasn't really appreciated of that. So soon there were fights.*
*(I already told you: you know this story)*

*And more fights...*

*And then there was drinking, and more fights. Really bad ones, like this last one.*

Are you drunk AGAIN?
What the fuck do you care, you selfless midget turd!

What do you call me, you stupid drunken bitch?

You are SO gonna regret hitting me!

Where are you going?!

Going for a drive, fuckhead!

STOP! You can't drive like this! You'll wreck my car!

OUT OF MY WAY!

Aaaaargh

I was lucky M
ark. Just some scratches, but this was an attempt to kill. I want her to PAY! I want you to go after her with all you got.
Well if that's what you want, it won't be difficult. She's looking at four to eight years, easily.

*And so it happened. Stella got eight years, with possibility for parole at five.*

*From day one, Amy was consumed by hate, and knew she would only focus on one thing: revenge! She had years to get prepared, and she would put them to good use. What else could she do here, anyway?*

*It was on her second day that she had an interesting encounter in the shower;*

Wow!

Whadya sneaking up on me for, huh? You like some muscle on your girl, is that it?

You've got an awesome body!

Thx, I get that a lot. You're not so bad yourself. Wanna play?

Maybe. But I actually want something else. I wanna be as muscular as you.

Oh yeah? Better start hitting the weights then, huh...

Do you think I can get big like you?
Maybe. Lemme see you flex. See what ya got already.

That's not too bad. Not bad at all.

Yeah, I think you'd really grow once you hit the weights. Good mass. And you're tall too. Very hot.

So you can help me?
You mean like be your coach or something? What would be in it for me?

Well...

You'd be known as the one who got the model. How does that sound?
You got yourself a deal baby!

Good! We gonna get along great!
No doubt!

Ooh baby... Let me feel your biceps

You like?

Awesome biceps baby... But... I will want mine to be bigger still...
Bigger?

Bigger yes. I want to be huge when i get out. Big and strong

Ok. How long are you in for?

At least five years. You?
Oh, longer than that.

In five years I can make a muscle machine out of you baby. At least if you'll be motivated to work out A LOT.

Trust me baby, I'm VERY motivated.
How come? What do you want to do when you get out?

When I get out, I will teach my ex husband a lesson.

A very PAINFUL lesson. I'm already SO looking forward to it.

*The girls' first project was to get everything they needed. Angela, through long years of good behaviour, had an excellent network and great relationships with the guards.*

*Amy, on the other hand, quickly discovered that one of the guards was a real sucker for tall girls...*

*... and loved to be dominated. There were few things Amy couldn't get done through her...*

*So after a couple of weeks, not only had they been able to secure their own big private cell, but they had their own big private... gym.*

Oh boy, this is awesome. We gonna make you so huge here, Amy baby.

You have no idea...

Great to finally start! Do you have like a more specific idea of how you want to look? Like, any targets or something?
Well... I want to look... SCARY!

And i want to be
sssssssstrrrrrrrrong!

I want my ex husband to piss his pants the moment he sees my body. And I want to be even stronger than he thinks I look.

Oh yeah baby, I like that!

So he's a big guy, your ex?

Oh no, not at all! He comes about up to my tits. I just dwarf him. I'm 1.97m, he's 1.62!
Wow! But so he's strong then?

Aah, not really! Doesn't look strong! Looks like a shrimp actually. 55 kg. I'm 67.

So you're probably stronger than him already! You're pretty fit! Why did you let him hurt you?

I don't know, I just... let him, I guess. I just never thought about being stronger than him... but it's true, I may be!

But that doesn't mean I don't want to get much stronger! I want to be able to lift him above my head and keep him there. Like this. Do you think that's possible?
I think with enough strength training you should be able to keep him there as long as you want to! Warm up by losening your limbs a bit, especially wrists and shoulders, and we'll check your base strength.

Let's see what you can do with 60 lbs. Two weights of 25 and a 10 lbs bar. Don't force yourself, ok? Take it easy. If you can't get it up, no worries. This is just the beginning.

Oh, wow, you seem to have no trouble with that. If you want you can try a few reps, maybe three or five, then stop.

Hey, this is crap. I can go on all day with this kids' weight. Gimme something better, girlfriend.

Hey, slow down. We're gonna go step by step here. If you injure yourself, you're nowhere close to being your little man, ok?

Stop being a sissy, girlfriend. Now load up this baby with something real, ok? I've done this before in my gym. I want to improve, not go back.

Ok ok. Put it down gently. I'll give you something else then.

Ok, this is 45 lbs on either side. 100 in total. Take it easy!

Aah, better! But still not enough. Hit me with 30 more.

Uhm... whatever you say girlfriend. Hold on.

But if you want me to be your trainer, I say this is as far as we go today!

Ok ok, big girl.

Ok, 130 pounds. Grip ok? Watch your wrists. Nice and slow now.

Doing well baby. Now you come back up and we'll put it back. No reps.
Aaaaaaaah

Ok, i'll take it from here baby. Well done!
Wait! Let me hold it a second. Aaaaah. Aaaaaaaah.

Ok, that's enough baby!

DON'T TOUCH IT! ONE SEC! AAAAAAH

AAAAAAAAH

NESS
OLYMPIC
45
AAAAAAAAAH

Ooooh boy. NOW you can take it.

Did you just... orgasm?
OLYMPIC

You bet I did sister!

And it was the best orgasm I ever had!

Wow.I never experienced that, though I find my own strength a big turn on
Oh yeah! I never knew. But actually...

... what made me most horny was that I was actually benchpressing the weight of my ex husband. That's why i wanted to do 130 lbs.

The realisation that I could already do that with him made me feel so powerful and... I just EXPLODED!

Wellcome to the strong girls' club my dear. You gonna love it!

By the way, what can you bench?

Oh baby... I regularly do twice what you just benched. For reps.

But you shouldn't compare baby. I'm a real strong girl. I've been working out for years and I these big muscles I built contain a LOT of power.

That's very nice but...

You do realize...

That I'm gonna catch up with you soon, don't you?

Both in size and in strength...

Are you able to handle that? That you won't be the biggest and strongest one around here for ever?

Are you kiddin' me? I'm so looking forward to seeing you at the biggest and strongest you can be! And I think you can be VERY big and strong! You've got great motivation AND excellent genes!

I'd just hate to be in your ex-husband's shoes!

Oh yeah baby, everybody would!

Thanks for training me, musclegirl!
Anytime, tall girl! Mmmmmmmmm

I'm gonna make you SO strong baby
Oh yes...
And I'm gonna make you huuuge
Oh yesssssss
You'll be able to beat the crap out of your ex...
Mmmmmmmyes... oh baby...
With your arms tied behind your back
I'm... gonna... be so fucking strong...
Yes you will baby. Yes you will. But...
right now...

*I* am still the strongest one....

Is that clear? Who's the strongest one? Say it? Who's the boss? Say it!

You are the strongest one!

That's right baby. Until further notice, I'm the one with the biggest muscles, and the strongest one.

MMmmmmmm Musclegirl, you make me so horny!

Mmm Tall girl, you're the best thing that ever happened to me here.

*And so, Amy and Angela, Tall Girl and Musclegirl, became lovers. They were driven by the same mission: to get as big and strong as possible. And the wonderful thing was: they had all the time in the world.*

*Being able, thanks to continuous bribing and seducing, to spend a daily average of three hours in their private gym, the work paid off: Amy grew.*

*She grew in strength...*

She grew in definition...

She grew in size...

Oooh, you're growing so fast! Look at these biceps!

*She grew in influence...*

How would you like it if I lifted you up and carried you around my cell?

Ooh, I... would... like that v-very much.

Get me a stairmaster in my cell and we'll make it happen, ok?

O-ok. It may take me a while.

Sooner I have it, sooner you be carried by my muscles...

I'll do my best!
Of course you will...

After a mere two years, Amy was queen of the prison and there were but few things she couldn't get done.

And finally, at the beginning of year 3, she was about as big as Angela...
16 inch biceps for the both of us. Congratulations girl! It's been awhile since we checked strength. You game?
Always baby. Let's sit down!

Ready sister?

Ready!

3 - 2 - 1, GO!

Hmm, not bad... at all
You going down babe...

Mmmmmmm. God girl, you've... improved!
Stronger.... every... day

Gonna have to use everything I got then...

NGGGGGG

It's you who's going down babe... right...

Aaargh. Fuck!
... now!

Oh yeah baby! Mine is the Victory, again!
You better savour it

... EVER!

Cause this was your last win...

What the... What time is it?

Dunno, 5am or so.

*So Amy trained, and trained, and trained, building muscles, building strength, building confidence, determined to be the strongest woman she could be...*

I better assit you, before you have an accident.

No need. Hey, your hair is nice, loose like that.

You are crazy, you know that!
I just hate to lose, that's all babe.

Whatever girlfriend. Just don't want to see you force yourself too far and get hurt.

I appreciate it honey. But I've been training non stop for over two years now so I think i'm starting to know what I'm doing.

*So a couple of months later, after much working out and sweating and lifting...*

Hey babe, I think I'm ready to beat you now! Wanna have a go?

Haha, anytime, girlfriend!

Ready? 3 - 2 - 1, GO!

COME ON!

Oh my god girl!

Seems like you're in trouble girlfriend.

Playtime's over girl. You're going DOWN! NOW!

Oh my god, my arm! Girl, what happened to you. You've got some fucking POWER in those arms!
I know! You admit defeat, or wanna do best out of three and do a left one too?
Never mind, I can see it's no use. Congratulations, Tall Stronggirl!

Whaaaa, this power feels SO amazing! I get so turned on by it!

And not just you, my Goddess. Aaaaaah. You can do anything to me... Ooooh. Just say the word, I'm your slave...a a aaaaaaaah

You are! You are the new Queen!

So whose the new Queen? Say it.

That's right baby! I'm gonna hit the machines now. You better give that arm a bit of rest, ok?

And don't be sad baby ok? You knew this was bound to happen
Of course I'm not sad. I'm very happy for you! You are so awesome!

Oh baby. I love you so much, little girl.

I love you too, Musclegirl!

*And some more months later...*

Ok, this is a 45lbs plate on your back. You are getting so incredibly strong, girlfriend!

Yeah well, I'm quite happy with my strenght, but I'm feeling I'm not gaining much in size anymore. Can you help me with that?
Put another 45lbs plate, I can hardly feel that one.

Hmm yeah, well, of course we don't get the ideal diet for building muscles, here in prison. Would you like to take steroids?

No, when I beat my ex, I want to do it entirely with my own means. That's also why I'm not gonna use any weapons or anything. It will be just my own power.

Ok gotcha. Well, then we should get our hands on more protein powder and other supplements. And better meals.

Ok, let's look into that.
One more plate please. Ex husbands weight, you know...

48, 49,... 50

Girl, when you get out of here, you're gonna be able to beat the hulk. Aren't you overdoing it a bit?

EVERDAZ

Hmmm, I love my abs...
Well, I know I should be able to beat my ex three times over by now, but I just... love getting bigger and stronger. I won't stop till I'm at my max. Besides, who knows he has bodyguards or something...

EVERDAZ

That was a decent workout. Gonna change and try to call my guard-friend. She if she can help us with the musclediet.

Still bossing that girl around huh?

Oh yeah, she's crazy for my size and muscles. She'd do anything for me. Only thing she couldn't get was the stairmaster. Said the warden said it's enough now. Let's see what she says about supplements and food.

Finally! I've been knocking for over ten minutes!

Hoooow! You don't like me anymore? Did I get too muscular for you?

I think I'm worth a little touble girl! COME IN! NOW!

I'm sorry, but we can't keep our dealings anymore. People are asking questions. The warden...

You are divine, but it's just... I'm getting into trouble.

Eh... yes ma'am...

Now, you never were able to get the stairmaster. That means you never experienced being lifted by me, right?

No ma'am. I'm sorry about the stairmaster, but...

Forget about the stairmaster. I think I should give you a little taste of my power, to keep you motivated. Would you like that?

I... would love that... ma'am.

Ok. Knock on the door at 1am, tonight. See you then.

That's too... too dangerous, ma'am. I'm sorry...

Not very adventurous, are we?
I... I just want to keep my job...
Yes, I understand that. The question is, though...

Do you also want to keep your amazon?
Ooooh, ooh my god. You're sooo strong!

You love this, don't you? Being lifted by a girl twice your size, feet dangling in the air? I've seen you spying on us through the bars. In fact, I think you were actually playing with yourself. Isn't that right?

Oh... oh... yes, ma'am, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

That's quite all right. I know how it feels. I know how you feel. I know you don't want to miss my muscles and strength and you want to keep on playing for the three more years that I'm here. That's why you don't want to lose your job. I just wanna make sure you've got something to lose.

Oooh... yes Ma'am. I don't want to lose this. I will do as you ask.

You wanna know how I know you so well? It's because we're the same. We both get turned on by muscle and strength. I get turned on by my own.

Yes Ma'am.

Anyway. No more need to stop by tonight, but see what you get in terms of protein powder for bodybuilders and protein rich and bigger meals for us here in the prison. When you make some progress, we'll have a good time together, you and me, ok?

Yes Ma'am.

By the way, what do you weigh?

About sixty kilogram.

Wow. Same as my ex husband. I guess I should practise a bit with you now and then. Actually this is the first time I'm lifting a person. It's even easier than I thought!

I'm sure it's easy for you Ma'am. You're incredibly strong!

Yes, but I will get stronger still. And bigger. That's why I need that stuff. You like it if I get bigger

Yes ma'am. I'll do my best to get it fast!

Good girl. And no more talk about not being able to cooperate any more, ok? Cause I don't like that.

No ma'am. I'm sorry about that ma'am. I will be a very good servant to you from now on.

*The little guard kept her promise, and the first night after she had brought an ample supply of all kinds of supplements, protein shakes and the promise of a regular supply of extra meat snacks, she got rewarded...*

First let's get these clothes out of the way, shall we...

Now, you've been a very good girl and your misstress is very happy with you. So you can choose anything we do together. For now, it's just gonna be one thing. One pose. Pick the thing you fantasize about, darling, and my muscles will make it happen here and now.
Ooh... then... then I would like to be cradle curled

Cradle curled? Hmm, interesting. But with your weight, that will hardly get my muscles flexed. You do like to see flexed muscles, don't you?
Very much, ma'am
Ok, then allow me to be a little bit creative with your fantasy...

At least this requires effort on my part. It's important that we both have fun, I think.
Oh my god, you are incredible. Can you do reps like this?
Never tried before, let's see...

Yes, I can, apparently. Now, while I do some reps with you, I want you to put one hand on my bicep, and I want you to play with yourself with the other hand.

Yes baby, like that. Now stroke gently, fire yourself up baby, I got no hands free.

Your goddess wants you to come, as hard as you can. She wants you to come while she's holding you in the air, doing reps with you and a big barbell... Can you do that baby?
Oh oh oh yes, yes yes

Ah AH AAAAH
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

That's it baby, that's my girl...

Nex time you can keep to it a little longer ok? No need to hurry. Ok, so I do a couple of more reps now that I'm at it, and then it's bedtime for you. Let's hope no one heard you scream...
BARBELL
45

Let's put you down gently...

Poor little girl, you must be so exhausted from all this exercise. Was it good?

It was the best moment of my entire life! I want to be always with you, Mistress! I love you!

Well, we're in a prison together, we can't get much closer than that, can we?

But what happens when you get out, Mistress?

Then you could continue to be my little slave, right? After hourse, or perhaps change jobs and work for me full time.

I would love that, Mistress

But the most important thing for now is that while I'm here, you do everything in your power to help me get bigger and stronger. Can you do that?

Yes Mistress, you can count on me!

You and me, we've got a very unique relationship, see? You need me and I need you. You also want me to get bigger and stronger, and you can help me with that. I need you to do your work well, and not get caught. Capisce?
Yes ma'am! Entirely!
Good girl. Now suck my tits, and then bedtime!

Good slave! Now get dressed and go back where you came from.
Oh, and speaking about clothes... during our little sessions, I can wear whatever you like. Just bring it in. If you can find the right size, that is.

*Thanks to the help of her little friend, and a better diet and supplements, Amy got bigger and badder still.*
*Then one time, during one of their nightly sessions, the little guard brought up something interesting.*

Do you think you could beat like, any woman?

Huh, what kind of a question is that? Are you doubting your goddess' power?

No Mistress, but... Well, it's like this... Last week, this new prisonner arrived. We were warned about her... That she could be violent and is dangerous, because she is some previous kickboxing champion or something. And then I was wondering if you'd be able to beat her too...

*Our huge and strong amazon realised that all this time, she had been focussing only on muscles and strength, but had no fighting skills whatsoever. It was a shock to her to realize that after all this effort she might very well not be able to beat a champion kickboxer.*

Mistress? Please say something mistress. I didn't want to offend you. Are you angry?

I'm not angry sweetie, on the contrary. You made me realize something very important. I want you to transfer that girl to our dorm. I want her to train me.

I had already been thinking about that mistress. It will be no problem I think. I think she'll be able to help you get like... invincible!

Invincible! I like the sound of that! Oh you're such wonderful slave! Come here!

Ooooooooooh

Listen up bitch. We're offering you a very simple deal.
So what's this? Freak city? Sweet setup though! Who did you have to suck?

You're a kickboxing champion, that right?
I was national champion three years ago, yes.
What are you in for?
Beat a guy to death. Got me for murder. 15 years. What's the deal?

My friend here, Amy, she wants to take revenge on the guy that put her here. Ex husband. That's why she's all buff and strong. Now she figure she didn't spend any time on fighting skills. That's where you come in. You teach her

I see. And what's in it for me?

You get to live in this nice private dorm with our own private gym, you get our good relationship to the guards, and other perks. In exchange for let's say two hours of lesson per day.

You got yourselves a deal bitches! When do we start?

Awesome! Welcome to the strong girl club!

Oh yeah, one of the other perks. No need to wear that stupid prisonsuit in here. I put some preliminary clothing in the bathroom over there.

So you really think you could beat me?

Depends in what. Any strenght contest, probably not. But if it's a matter of who'll be the last one standing in a fight, you'd go down yes, I have no doubt.

It's not just kickboxing, I'm also quite skilled at Brazilian JiuJitsu. I can teach you that too if you like. You got an awesome bod though!

I wanna learn everything you know. We've got at two and a half years. At the end of that period, I'm gonna beat you in a one on one fight.

Looking forward to it.

Good. What's your name, by the way?

I'm Carmen. Originally from Venezuela.

I'm sure we'll get along well Carmen. You'll like it here.

*And so Amy started her schooling by her second teacher.*

EVERDAZ

*She appeared suprisingly fast for her size, and Carmen was incredibly impressed with her progress.*

*And so the months and then years flew by. During the day Amy would often have kickboxing in jiujitsu training...*

*While at night she would do power and muscle training...*

Often combining them with reward nights for her little guardfriend...

When are we gonna play mistress?
Perhaps I should start...

mmmm, it's late... Tired... Wake me up when you're done...

I will honey. Take some rest now against my big wide back.

Hmm yes, so huuuuuge, love it...

Then, close to the time she was up for parole, Amy, as promised, challenged carmen to a free fight. It was friendly, but they agreed no holds or kicks were barred.
Gonna make you cry for mommy girl...

*Before the fight, no one was sure what would happen (though Amy was pretty confident after all her training and self study with books and videos). But after a few seconds, it was already clear that the ex world champion was no match for Amy's power, size and skills.*

*She barred all the dangerous kicks Carmen threw at her...*

And easily wrestled her down... Amy just loved dominating her strength...

*Now and then she would pretend to be in trouble...*

Gotcha now bitch!
Escape from THIS!

*... only to free herself again and surprise her cellmates with her incredible strength and speed...*

That wasn't too hard baby. Can YOU escape from THIS? Or may you just have to wait till my arms get tired?

When Amy finally went for the attack, it was over quickly...

What do you say we declare me the winner, Carm?
Yes! I give! You won!

*Winning from Carmen was Amy's cue: she had not just become the biggest and the strongest she could be, she now also was the most skilled fighter she could be. She was finally satisfied and ready to face her ex husband.*

*The goodbye was hard. Carmen would be here for many more years, but Angela would be out in a couple. Amy promised she would visit, and would send news about how her confrontation went.*

*The three strong girls had one last group hug, feeling each other's muscles on their skin one more time, and then it was time for Amy to go.*

*But not before she had said goodbye to her guardfriend...*

Promise me you'll call! I can't live without you!

No worries darling, we'll still have good times together. But you have to take good care of my friends here...

I will!

*Amy did not have much money once out of prison, but she was confident she'd have ample resources soon, so one of the first things she did when she was free again was to get a boob job. Finally, her body was perfect!*
*She was 27 now, and admiring herself while buying a set of new clothes, she felt the world was at her feet. She was ready to face her nemesis.*

*So finally, we find ourselves again in the company of Jack Antonelli, Amy's ex husband. He has moved to an apartment downtown. He is watching TV, and has no idea that Amy is out of prison and has tracked him down. In fact, as we speak, there is a knock on the hallway door...*

*As he asks who it is, he doesn't understand the mumbled sound, so he opens the door anyway...*

Amy?????!!!!

Hi... Jack....

*Amy knew she had to talk very fast if she wanted to get in peacefully. Of course she could have forced her way in, but she liked to approach this whole thing a bit more slowly...*

I'm sorry to appear here so totally unannounced Jack, but I've been out of prison since a week and my counselor advised me to make amends with the people I'm on a bad footing with. I thought it best to just show up because I was afraid you'd refuse me on the phone. I've come to get clear on everything and offer my apologies, cause I've never done that... Would you be so kind as to let me in?

Ehm... ok... I guess...

So, uhm, I'm not gonna pretend I am comfortable with this or liking this visit in any way. You can take a seat but we'll be brief, ok?

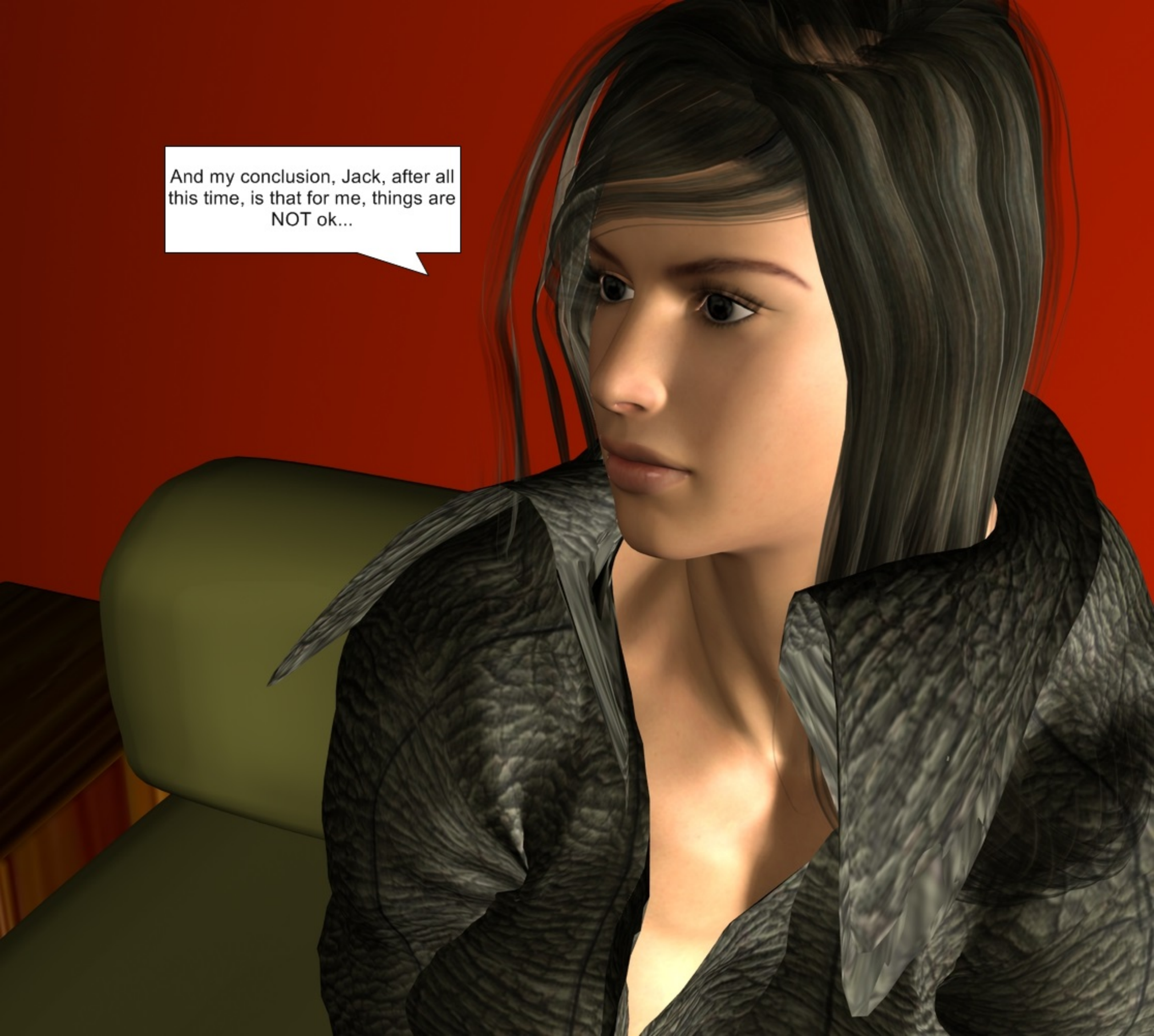
Yes Jack, you have no idea how I appreciate this. Thank you so much!

So uhm, making amends huh. What does that mean?

Well basically it's about listening to each other, each telling the residual feelings. it's about clearly expressing them, which can help healing. You want to go first?

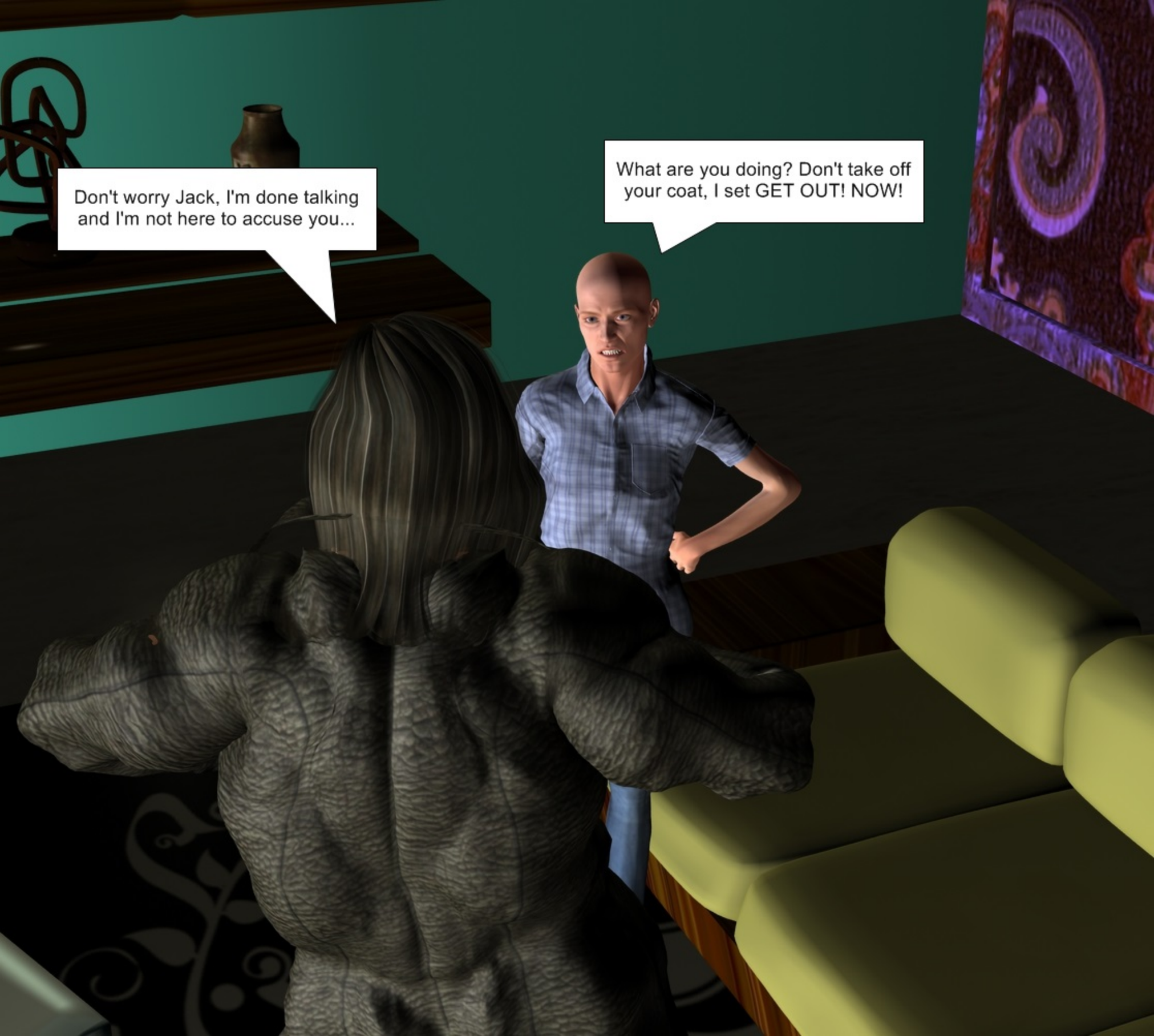
Ah well... This is awkward. But ok. Well, I was very angry with you. I guess I still am, though you probably have paid now fo that agression. So I guess on my part, things are ok, though I absolutely have no desire to have any contact with you after tonight. And I'd like this to be over soon. Your turn.

Thank you Jack. I understand your anger. I was very angry too. I've now been in prison for five years and I had a lot of time to think, obviously...


And my conclusion, Jack, after all this time, is that for me, things are NOT ok...

Eh... what do you mean? Perhaps we should... do this another time. When you call me beforehand and...

What I mean is... you treating me like shit, sleeping with other women, hitting me, making my life miserable... And then it's ME going to prison for a long time because I lost control once...
Look, I'm not gonna sit here and let you accuse me of all kinds of shit. And actually, I want you to leave now.


Don't worry Jack, I'm done talking and I'm not here to accuse you...
What are you doing? Don't take off your coat, I set GET OUT! NOW!

... I'm here to PUNISH you, loser!

*Jack's reaction was exactly how she had fantasized about it for years, and it drove Amy horny as hell, instantly. Agression, testotsteron and adrenalin were peaking inside her, yet she felt that if she was going to make the most out of this experience, she had to go slowly and savour Jack's fear.*

G-get out or I... I... I'm gonna call the... cops

SIT DOWN!

Sweetheart, you can come in now!

This is Hannah, my girlfriend. She's a prison guard and she loved my muscles. What do you think, girlfriend?

Wow, he really IS tiny. I think I AM bigger than him.

Yes you are. I forgot how tiny he actually was, it's incredible...
So, asshole, Hannah is here to witness.

W-witness w-what?

Hannah, lesson number one, please...

Lesson number one: you will never talk to Mistress unless spoken to. When you speak, you will address her as Mistress. You will address me as Ma'am. Understood?

Aaaaaaaaargh! Understood!

Good girl Hannah! See, he already fears you too. I love it!

Turn it a bit more my love. Don't be afraid to hurt him.

AAAAAAARGH, PLEASE STOP!

Tiny bit more, then stop. Ok. Good!

Now can you imagine, little shit, if she can hurt you that much with her little hand...

Correct answer is NO, you CAN'T imagine what I can do to you. Let me tell you a little bit about this body.
... the hurt SHE can inflict on you with HER body? It's not a rethorical question. ANSWER, LITTLE SHIT!
Eh... no... eh yes, I can imagine!

So, this body... For five years, my jailtime, I have been working out like a madwoman. Later I started to learn martial arts. In the end I beat a former kickboxing champion at her own game.

Oh... oh... yes, she's incredibly strong

I was 67kg (already a lot heavier than you back then) when I got in prison. Now I'm a muscle packed 1.97 m heavyweight of 120 kg of rock solid muscle. Here, feel my arm.
Yes... feel it... feel it. Her muscles are soooo hard... ooooh... sooo sexy....

How does it feel, little one?

Eh... look... you are obviously...

SSSSSSSHHHHH!

You only answer to the questions. Let's try again. Touch my bicep. How does it feel?

Incredible!

Now, let's see something more of YOUR body, ok? I wonder if you've been working out too. Let me take of this shirt.

Wow. My thighs are actually bigger than his body, don't you think so?
Yes, but that in itself doesn't mean he's small, hihi.
Ok buddy, take of your pants. NOW! Then stand in front of me and flex your muscles. So I can see what I'm up against.

Oh my god! I think I'm not two but three times his size. I can't possible fight a microbe like that!
Hahahahah! Please, mistress, stand behind him! Stand behind him!

P-please... don't...
Oh man! Look at this! This is awesome! He's like a little child compared to you! Can we see some action mistress? I want to see what you can do to him!

Don't what, midget?

Don't... destroy me. I'm really sorry about...

Haha, you hear that sweetheart? Don't destroy me, he says. Of COURSE I will destroy you. That is the main reason I built this body during five years, stupid!

Oh boy I'm so glad I came to watch!
DESTROY - HIM!
DESTROY - HIM!
DESTROY - HIM!

AND you've spoken out of turn. That's enough in itself to punish you. So let's get started.

*And it seems there off, ladies and gentlemen, finally! We've all been looking forward to this unique confrontation. Odds are 50.000 to one against the little fellow. Nobody basically gives him a chance and it's not hard to see why...*

*It's because this woman is made of... holy cow Jim, did you see that? She has him in a headlock but did you see how effortless that went? Yeah Walt, it's like he weighs nothing to her. His feet are dangling in the air, he's kicking them frantically, while she slowly flexes a bicep.*
*One second in the Match, Jim, and our guy is already entirely at her mercy. Incredible!*

Now he's trying to push of her big legs with his tiny ones, stretching his back and doing everything to get away from her, but we can all see that it is to no avail. And she is not breaking a sweat, Walt. This is "no contest" if I ever saw it.

You are in big trou-ou-ouble, little mister! I've seen how a big kickboxing champion got out of a fight with her, I can' t imagine how you will even survive a few minutes. Be gentle Mistress, otherwise it won't me fun for much longer...

We've got all the time in the world Hannah, don't you worry!

Oh and speaking about fun, let's see if he is having any...
ART LIFE
sculpt.

Not really. Limp as a towel. That's such a shame! So many men and women would pay a lot of money to get beat up by this musclewoman!

Let's take this to another level, ok midget?
Haha, that's Mistress-speak for: you're going up up up! Hope you're not afraid of heights...

Oh look at this Jim, can you believe this woman?? She reminds me of... what was the name of that cartoon we used to watch... Masters of the Universe! Yes, she's looks like the Mistress of the Universe!

I love you're commenting but it's driving me so horny darling. Could you lick my nipples for a little bit?
Ooooh, my pleasure!

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be back after this little break...

This was easier in prison, when you didn't have heels. My big, tall musclemistress!

Please... let me go. I have money...

Listen sweetheart, he's offering us money now - oh yeah, ooooh, that's good - what do we say to that?

Haha, that we'll take it anyway...

Ooooh yes, yesssssss...

Oooh yes, oooh. Describe me, sweetheart...

My mistress is a mountain of muscle! She's a big-titted fighting machine! She's stronger than any person you'll ever meet.
Aaaaah
Right now she holds the life of a little man in her hands. She can do with him what she likes and she has total power over him...
AAAAAAAAAAH

She even forgets he's up there, cause she weighs nothing to him. She's used to handling bigger weights. Now she's thinking of how this guy will pay and what she will do to him with her massive musclepalace of a body...

AAAAAAAAAAH

Good first orgasm of the night, Mistress?

Fucking incredible! You're awesome!
Now, time to let the real suffering begin!

Ready, midget?

Safe flight, little man!

Noooooooooooooo!!!!
Just believe you can fly!

There he goes Jim! Let's see how far this big woman can throw a full grown man

Quite far actually, Walt. And again: so effortless! The power in this girl is unbelievable!

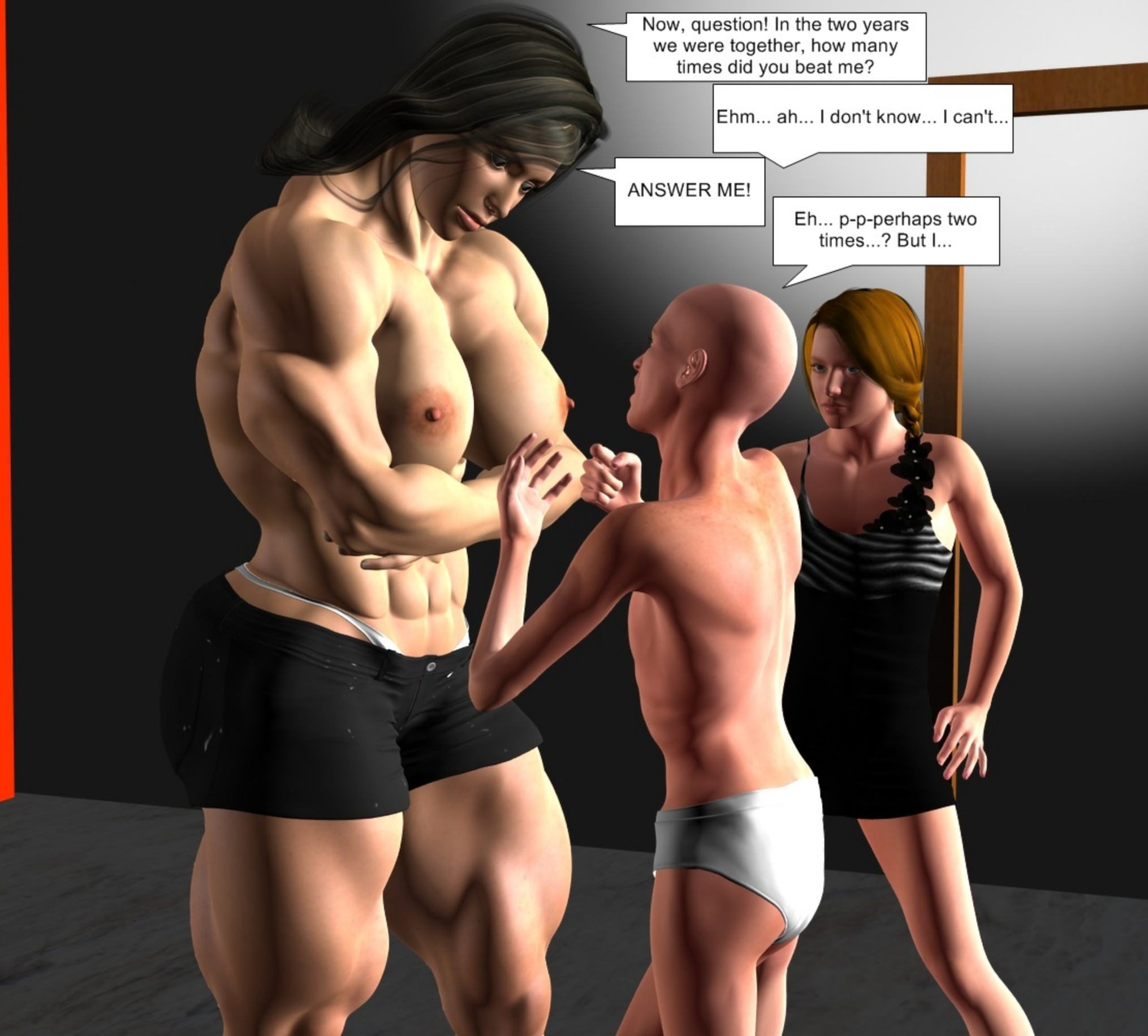
Still not even bleeding, mistress...
That'll change soon. Take of my shoes, slaveman.

Poor little guy has to do everything Mistress says. Because she's soooooo much bigger and stronger than him...

Hurry up baby, Mistress doesn't like to wait...

Now get up!

*Nice to see a close up of this girls' legs, Jim. They are huuuuuuuuge! Monsters, I tell you!*


Now, question! In the two years we were together, how many times did you beat me?
Ehm... ah... I don't know... I can't...
ANSWER ME!
Eh... p-p-perhaps two times...? But I...

SIX times! You I'm gonna beat you just as many times. You are free to try to defend yourself
Please, please! I'm so sorry! I will...

For every one word you utter, you get one additional kick. Now get in position.

*So our little guy is actually assuming a combat position Jim. It's a bit pathetic actually, with that body of his. The giantess just stands there, looking amused...*
*We need to remind our viewers, Walt, that the Amazon is a very skilled martial artist. Even though I don't think she'll require much of her skills in this fight... But a demonstration would be nice anyway...*

*Oh oh oh, Walt! This poor guy! She lashes out as fast as a viper, catches his wrists and stomps her big knee in the small man's belly. That's gotta hurt Walt! I'm starting to wonder if our man will survive this Jim. He's screaming out in pain, while she doesn't even blink or give a sweat.*

Number two!

Get up, bastard! FIGHT ME!

Please, I surrender! No more! Please! You're too strong!

You're hilarious! Of course I'm too strong! This is not about proving who's the strongest, this is just payback time. Now get up or I KICK you up. And those kicks won't count for your total!

Three!

*The fourth kick is one in the solar plexus.*
*That's gotta hurt, Jim!*
*They all must, Walt! Look at the muscles on this chick. One kick could fell an ox.*

*He's clearly struggling to stay upright Walt! This guy is done! Will the giantess have mercy?*

Come ON! FIGHT!

*Oooh, no mercy at all. In fact, she seems to be frustrated with the lack of resistance she's getting. Here goes number five, her knee on his head! Ouch!!!! He's going down!*

ART LIFE

Ok, let's give him the last kick, just to finish this part. Perhaps he wakes up

Completely out Mistress!

At least I can still feel a heartbeat

Whatever. Let's move this runt to the couch.

No idea, it's the first time I've beaten someone unconscious. But not the last.
You think it will take long?

When he wakes up we can have our chat with him...

*15 minutes later...*

I think he's waking up!

Yes he i-is! Yes he i-is!

Who are you? Sorry I forgot your name. Guess I had... to much to drink again. Had this horrible nightmare...

Oh poor baby...

No worries baby, you're still safe and sound in the arms of a big female bodybuilder...

AAAAAAARGH!

It wasn't... a dream... I'm hurting... all over. Wait... did you finish giving me the... six... kicks? Are you gonna... hurt me more? Please... don't...

No baby, we're finished with that...

Thank god. You are leaving then?

Yes baby, we're leaving.

And tomorrow we come back, with our stuff.

What? Huh? Stuff? What stuff?

Yes baby, we're moving in with you.
What??

Did you honestly think that one night was enough? No baby, we enjoy playing with you. You're gonna be our little prisoner, and our slave.

That's... For how long?

What do you think Hannah sweetheart? How long,

I think... five years sounds fair?

Exactly my thought. Should be enough to get to know these muscles really well.

Now go down on me, slave-prisonner. I want another orgasm. Say "of course, Mistress".
Of course, Mistress.

Oh and by the way, I assume you're scared enough now never to go to the police. Am I right? Otherwise, I can easily scare you some more...

I'm scared enough, mistress!

Oh and by the way, in two years we'll be joined by one of my cellmates, Angela. You'll like her too.
And of course: you don't bring anyone else in the house. Your ours only.
That's right! And you know what? Misstress is teaching me some moves, so I'll be able to dominate you too...

Great, I love happy endings!

Oh my musclemistress...

THE END